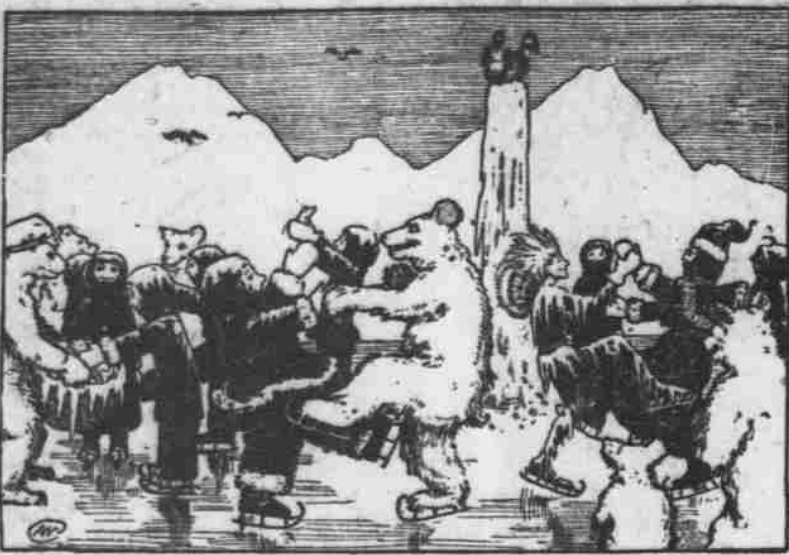


Verse by
CAROLINE WETHERELL

THE JOBBEROWLS POLISH OFF THE NORTH POLE.

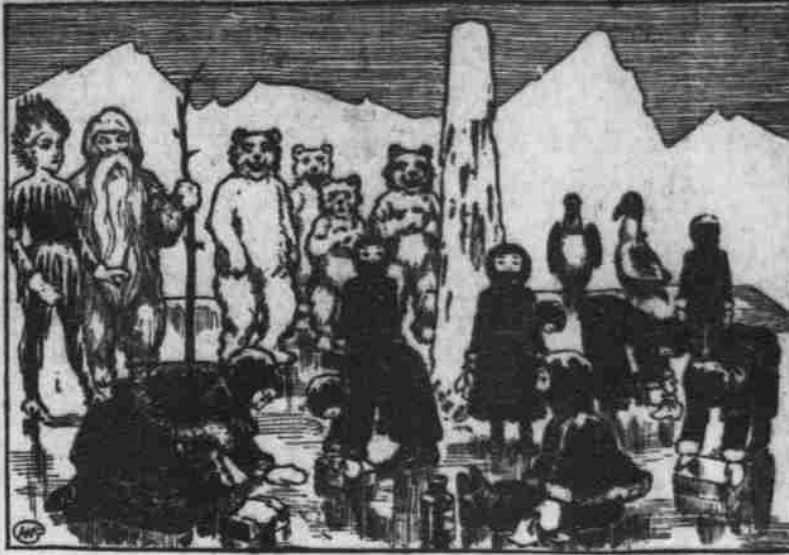
(Copyright, 1899, by Caroline Wetherell.)



In Frostland Jobberowls remained until the first full moon, And even then they felt they left that jolly place too soon. They shanted on the icebergs, and they had a party drill, By the kindly Frost Man given on the lawn about the Pole. This lawn is not frost covered, as some stupid folks might think, But just a narrow ice plot, gently sloping at the brink. And on this all had dancing, with each dancer shod with skates, After which came cake and salad, served on funny frozen plates.



The Frost Man said, "I'll show you folks the way to have some fun," And as they all donned snowshoes, an Arctic race to run. But when the Frost Man started he whistled so and blew, That other racers frozen were, just simply through and through. "Dear me," the Frost Man sputtered, "what funny folk are these! A tiny bit of exercise to make them shake and freeze!" Then they had some milk served to them, 'twas reindeer milk, you know, With cakes of moss and cookies made from sweetened ice and snow.



And while they all were feasting the man who owns the Pole Out of his cave came tumbling, to carry in some coal. He saw the strange players upon his private lawn And spilling all the polish which he put on at dawn. He yelled, "Get off my ice plot!" But no one even stirred. The Frost Man said, "We will not budge!" and then a row occurred. But Mother Goose the peace restored. With rage and pumice stones The Jobberowls the North Pole scrubbed until again it shone.

Illustrations by
ALFRED W. SCHWARTZ

THIS PUZZLES ME

There's lots of things I cannot understand, I really make no difference how I try. One's why the leaves come on my little hands, Because the sun is hot up in the sky. I never understood why birds eat worms Instead of the seed and eating bits of plum. I can't see why a baby always winks, Or why big boys are 'bald of little ones. I cannot understand why dogs bark Instead of talking sense, like the little dog. And why the sun don't shine when it is dark, Instead of when it's light, I cannot see. I wonder what it is makes children grow, And why they kick when they are little blue. But puzzling of all the things I know Is why grandpa wears windows on his eye.

Games For Stormy Days.

With an old store's price list one can have a lovely game of "shop." Cut out the various articles illustrated, label them with their prices as you see done in shop windows and divide the party up into shopkeepers and buyers. If you keep shop, you must try and arrange your goods to look as well as possible.

In a book of pictures and stories there may be some pictures of faces which can be drawn through tracing paper. The outlines of the face, hair, etc., are drawn on one piece of tracing paper, while the nose, eyes and mouth are drawn on another. By placing the outline of one face over the features belonging to another you can get all kinds of funny faces.

If you have a nice large room, "bib-bob" is fun. For this you must tie one or two cords across the room and hang from them, at some distance apart, saucers, apples, figs, oranges or anything of the kind you like.

One of the party is given a small stick and then blindfolded, and with the stick he has to try and touch something that is hanging from one of the cords.

When he has found it, he must try and seize it with his mouth, and when he has done this his eyes are unbandaged and he is allowed to take his prize, and another child takes his place. Fingers must not be used except to hold the stick, and the ones who are not blindfolded are allowed to cry "hot" or "cold" as the blindfolded one gets near or far from the "bib-bobs."

Have you ever played "Jumble animals"? If not, try it. Never mind whether you can draw or not; it is all the funnier if you can't.

For this you need strips of paper and pencils. Every player is given a pencil and a strip of clean paper and told to draw the head of an animal. Each player chooses his own animal. You mustn't tell what you have chosen.

Draw only the head. Then fold your paper carefully, so that the head is just covered, and pass it to the player sitting next you.

Every one passes theirs on in the same way, and, without looking at the head on the paper that is passed to you, you must draw the body of the animal whose head you drew and passed on. Draw it up close to where the paper is folded, or there will be a gap between head and body.

Then papers are folded and passed on again and legs drawn in the same way. Some of the animals drawn in this way look very funny.

A DEVIL CHASER.

"I had an odd experience the other day," said Dr. Soper of the Bellevue hospital, New York. "I had a patient suffering from a nervous affliction, and during the examination we discovered a hard substance under the clothing of the woman on her left breast. I asked what it was. The patient replied that it was something the 'witch doctor' had placed there to cast out the devil. I soon found out that a paper packet had been securely tied to the woman's body and rested directly over her heart. The patient was greatly surprised to see the magic packet handled so carelessly while she had all along been afraid to touch it. The witch doctor had told her that it must remain secured fastened over her heart for 33 days."

"I took the packet home with me. It consisted of about 25 note paper leaves 2 by 4 inches, the leaves being securely bound together with a metal clasp. On the cover was a pen drawing of a cross with the letters 'H. H.' On the first page was a lot of writing in German, aiming to be a passionate appeal to the Almighty to cast out the devil in the patient. Then followed, on the next page, a lot of Scriptural quotations, also in German. The first page was written from left to right, the second from right to left, the third diagonally from the upper left to the lower right, the next from the upper right to the lower left and upside down. The signs, and so on until 13 pages were well taken up with prayers, Scriptural passages, strange quotations and sayings and German expressions pertaining to witches, spells and devils. The packet was evidently prepared by the witch doctor. It looked as if it had been done duty on the breasts of other patients."

An Ingersoll Story.

It is related that during the presidency of Mr. Harrison Senator Quay called at the White House to get a position for one of his followers. The president did not acquiesce, and Quay "put the screws" on him. "It is about time that you should cease to worry me with such requests," said the president, after he had been reminded that he enjoyed the White House "by the will of God." "You might as well understand that I am president by the will of God." Quay staggered out into the open air, white with rage. On the portico he met Ingersoll. "Hello, Matt! What are you looking so blue about? One would think that you had just come out of an indigo factory," remarked Ingersoll. "Quay told his experience," said Ingersoll. "What?" exclaimed Colonel Ingersoll. "The president says the Lord elected him to office? Well, I have said some pretty rough things, but I never charged the Lord with doing such an act as that."

Cosby Has Prospered.

General Jacob S. Cosby, who has had various adventures since he headed "Cosby's army," has evidently prospered on the whole, as he has purchased an old steel plant at Millvale, near Pittsburgh, and intends to erect a large open hearth and plant at a cost of something like \$1,000,000. The new works will give employment to 300 men, and unless the general's views have greatly changed, they will have an easy thing so long as the money lasts.

Bertie and Uncle Belam Visit Windsor Castle.

Having missed the train the first day they started for Windsor, Bertie and Uncle Belam set out bright and early for the Waterloo station next morning. Uncle Belam had meant to tell Bertie some interesting things about the places the train went through, but the little boy soon after they had been locked into the queer little cabin like English railway car dropped off to sleep and never awakened until the guard, as the conductor over there is called, flung open the doors and yelled "Windsor!"

They went to a hotel first and had some luncheon, and then started across to view the castle, whose great stone walls they could see from the window as they sat eating.

Uncle Belam said that the Saxons had named the place Windeshore, because the Thames, which passes through the little town here, winds so about the shore. The Normans, who spoke French, doing their best to make their pronunciation sound like Windeshore, got it to Windsor, and so it has always remained. Edward the Confessor, the English monarch whose bequeathing of the kingdom to William the Norman or Harold, the son of Earl Godwin, brought about the Norman invasion, had given the estate of Windeshore, as they then called it, to the monks, and from them William the Conqueror very honestly purchased it, instead of seizing it, as he might have done if unscrupulous and as other less honest kings have done when they coveted lands that had been given to the church. William did not build much, only a castle on the central hill. Other

kings added to this, but Edward III, who wanted to put up a handsomer castle, tore them all down. The bishop of Winchester, William of Wykeham, who was famous for his fine taste in architecture, was asked by the king to look after the erection of the building. Each succeeding king has added something to the castle, Queen Victoria alone having



THEY COULD SEE THE CASTLE FROM THE WINDOW.

ing spent about \$4,500,000 in improving its appearance, so that now it is one of the most splendid royal residences in the world. After receiving permission to view the castle from the lord chamberlain's of-

fice, Bertie and Uncle Belam set out on a tour of the castle with one of the guides who show strangers over the place. The round tower which used to be used as a prison, and is the oldest part of the castle, was first inspected. From the battlements there is a fine view. Twelve counties can be seen. The attendant then guided them through the apartments in the lower side, the upper section being occupied by the members of the royal family when they are at Windsor.

One of the sights of this section is Sir George's chapel, built by King Henry VIII in one of his spasms of piety. The inside is very handsome. Bertie was most interested in the tomb of white marble in which they were told was laid the young son of the Empress Eugenie, who died in Africa fighting the enemies of England. He was the son of Emperor Napoleon III, the last French monarch, and his death may have had much to do with changing the history of Europe. The attendant told how the boy's poor, broken hearted mother comes often to place flowers on the tomb. Bertie wondered if the young prince looked like the figure carved in white marble upon the top of his tomb, but the guide did not know. In the chapel are also buried King Henry VIII and his wife, Queen Jane Seymour. King Henry's other five wives—for he was the most married king in history—are buried elsewhere. George III, who caused the troubles that led to the war of the Revolution in America, is buried here, as well as his successors, George IV and William IV. The Duke of Kent, the present queen's father, lies here. Bertie looked at all their tombs. He was not much interested in them, but he knew his mother would ask him all about them.

The throne room, with its great gild-

ed throne, covered with a canopy, and the magnificent works of art furniture and hangings, did not awe Bertie a bit. Before the attendant had time to guess what he was about, he had popped on to the throne and was grinning



SET OUT ON A TOUR OF THE CASTLE.

cheerfully at his astonished companions. Uncle Belam soon whisked him off and apologized to the scandalized guard, who seemed to think it a sacrilege for any one but the queen to touch the throne.

The other rooms all looked very much alike—fine pictures and fine furniture, but that was about all. As the royal family was in the castle,

the guard was not allowed to show the part of the building in which they lived, but just as, very much disappointed, the two emerged from the castle and started to have a look at the gate to the state apartments, it was thrown open, and a carriage rolled out, followed by some people on horseback.

"It's the queen!" cried Bertie. "Hurrah! Now we can say we've seen the queen!" And in his excitement his voice was a little louder than he meant. He recognized the little old lady in black from pictures he had seen in the papers. The queen heard him, too, and, turning, looked much amused when she saw the small enthusiast. She smiled and bowed, and Bertie and Uncle Belam took off their hats and kept them off as the carriage rolled slowly by. This they knew to be English courtesy to the queen, and from the way she smiled and spoke to the younger lady in the carriage, who they afterward learned was the Princess Beatrice, her daughter, they judged that she was saying something pleasant of them. Altogether the experience was a very pleasant one, for, as Bertie afterward said, "An American on general principles has got to disapprove of kings and queens, but the queen of England is such a mighty nice old lady that nobody can have the slightest objection to her, and everybody will be glad to have her going on and being queen just as long as ever she likes."

Jumbled Names of Parts of the Body.
EDHA. HTOTAR.
RNKU. UOTMH.
RSWTL. LOEWH.
NLAEK. IGRFSEN.
RHTH. ETTEH.
BRHTA. AEPTLA.
UGLSN. ROHGAUAPS.
TMSHAO. UCEMSLS.
OENS. KITSNEOE.

THEIR ONLY JOY

BY CHARLES WELSH

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(In the smoking room of the Players' club, New York.)
Frank Gayman (blowing an enormous cloud)—By Jove, I must write to Cecile! She looks for a letter from me every day, and I hate to disappoint her. She says my letters are her only



RUSHES OUT AND PUTS CARD IN PILLAR BOX.

joy, and it must be pretty dull for her down there at Newport with only Hilda for a companion.
(Writes.) "My Darling Wife—I have been so busy that I have not been able to get up town to the house to dinner, so I have just dropped in here."
(Enter George, his chum.) "Busy, Frank?"
"No; only writing to my wife."
"Oh, drop that and come and have a game at billiards."
"Well, I don't care if I do."
(They go to billiards. After an hour's play.) "What do you say to look in at a roof garden for an hour or two, Frank? It's too jolly hot for anything else."
"I'm with you, George."
(At the roof garden.) "Why, there are the Dennis girls, and alone!"
"The Dennis girls (together)—Oh, you forsaken husbands! This is the way you console yourselves for the absence of your lawful spouses, is it?"
"Yes. Come along and join us."
(Cooling liquids, badinage and flirtation for the next two hours; later on, supper.) "Frank, a Bohemian restau-

(Midnight. Frank at home preparing to retire.) "Gee whiz! I never wrote to Cecile." (Seizes a postcard and writes.)

"At Home, Midnight.
"Important business all day. Too late for more. Letter tomorrow. Yours, FRANK."

(Puts on hat and overcoat, rushes out, puts card in pillar box, returns and soliloquizes as he gets into bed.) "That was a lousy thought. Only just saved my bacon that time."
(The same day in the drawing room of a Newport cottage.) "Now, Hilda dear, don't talk to me. I must write to my husband. You can't understand what we can have to write about every day? Why, I should be the unhappy woman in Newport if I did not get a letter from Frank every day. Ever since we were engaged we have always done so when apart, and, whatever I do myself, I make him keep it up. It's only like keeping a diary, and then I like to know just what he is doing. Poor fellow! He would be miserable without my letters when he is alone like this. He says they are his only joy amid all the worries of his horrid business."

"Why, yes, of course I tell him all I do, except the little things that might worry him. It's only kindness to keep those away from him. The best of men are so funny that you never know what they will take it in their heads to worry about."

(Writes.) "My Own Darling Frank"—"Hilda, can you make me a nice J. pen? Thanks, dear. Do you like those writing cases? They are awfully useful. This is real Russian leather, with scissors and all sorts of things. Frank gave it to me last Thanksgiving, but I was awfully disappointed, for I expected he would give me that ring with sapphires and diamonds that we admired so much at Baublé's. Don't you remember it?"

(Resumes writing.) "Many thanks for yesterday's letter. I wish you could spare time for a longer one. As you say you never go out after dinner, you ought to have plenty of time to write me good long letters."

(Looking up.) "You seem very deep in that book, Hilda. What is it? Oh, 'The Language and Poetry of Flowers.' That reminds me that I mean to go in for botany. Mr. Black says he will teach me, and there are all sorts of lovely rambles about here to botanize in. I don't care for scientific men, as a rule, but he has nice manners for a man, he is so learned. I think he is rather good looking, too, don't you? No? I always admire dark eyes. Frank's are rather a light gray, though. Still (musingly) he is ever so much taller than Mr. Black."
(Resumes writing.) "Hilda and I are very busy, as usual. We never have an

idle minute. We read and bathe and swim and botanize and lead a thoroughly healthy and simple, plain living existence."

(Looking up again.) "Where did you put those chocolates, Hilda, dear? Thanks, I always like to have candy near me to nibble at. It seems to give one something to do. That's why men are so fond of smoking, I suppose. These are very good. Frank is so funny. He hates to see me eating sweets. Says they are bad for one's health."

(Turns again to her letter.) "We have lots of riding and boating. Hilda rows finely now, and we have great times on the water."

"Oh, by the way, Hilda, what are you going to do this evening? Nellie Yvonne's coming to dinner, is she? You two girls won't care to have an old married woman like me listening to all your talk, so I'll go out with Baron von Knoblauch in his canoe. I want to learn to navigate a canoe, you know. But I shan't tell Frank. He'll only get nervous. He always expects I shall get drowned or break my neck or something."

"Oh, no! The baron isn't really a noisy fellow. It's only his way. I knew him ages before I was married. Frank, I believe, almost hates him, but I can't help that. Poor fellow! He tells me all his secrets, and I give him the best advice I can. You know we never met until after I was engaged to be married. (Sighs.) I suppose it was fate. Of course I never cared for him, but it seems so strange and so sad that one should be able to have such an influence over a person's whole life when one only likes a person. It seems so unequal. But how can you help these things happening?"

"What's that you say? It's unsafe and compromising to make such protestations to a girl that is engaged or married? You ought not to talk like that about things you can't understand. I think it's an awful mistake for a girl

to try to be cynical. Yes, though you are older than I am, you will always be considered a girl until you marry. I'm only frank like this because I like you, and I don't want you to stand in your own light. It is such a pity for a nice girl like you to get a reputation for being jealous and spiteful."

"Now, Hilda, don't be a little goose. Never said you were old and ugly. You often don't look a day older than 22, and you are quite too effective in



"WE READ, BATHE AND SWIM."

that last hat you had from Mme. Louber. Here, have some chocolates and do let me finish my letter."
(Writes.) "I can't say I admire your taste in playing golf with Amy Dearborne. However, I hope you keep your temper better than when you play with me, and I'm sure you don't say naughty words when you miff a shot when Amy Dearborne is there. I want you to get me some bright red chiffon de soie. If

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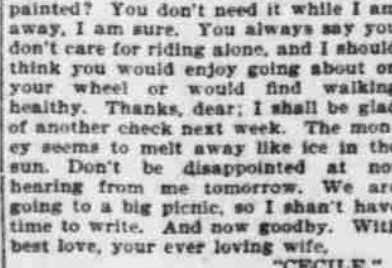


"THERE! THAT'S DONE!"

I write for it to Jenkinson's, they will send me some of last year's rubbish, and I want the latest shade from Paris, and you might ask them if they have anything good and new in dress linens, gingham and organdies. I will include a slip about the number of yards and the names of the shops where I want you to buy it."

"Hilda, Hilda, do listen to me! I declare you are a blaze of light, and I want the latest shade from Paris, and you might ask them if they have anything good and new in dress linens, gingham and organdies. I will include a slip about the number of yards and the names of the shops where I want you to buy it."

(Resumes writing.) "Do try to remember to send me the housekeeping accounts every day. I'm sure you are being robbed. And do take care that that horrible groom you are so fond of does not charge hay enough to feed two elephants instead of two horses. You ought to be living for next to nothing now, and I consider \$30 a dozen for Quickkill whiskey is perfectly sinful. Surely you can get a cheaper brand. Did you send the carriage to be repainted? You don't need it while I am away. I am sure. You always say you don't care for riding alone, and I should think you would enjoy going about on your wheel or would be walking healthy. Thanks, dear; I shall be glad of another check next week. The money seems to melt away like ice in the sun. Don't be disappointed at not hearing from me tomorrow. We are going to a big picnic, so I shan't have time to write. And now goodbye. With best love, your ever loving wife,



"CECILE."

(Throwing down her pen.) "There! That's done! Yes, it is rather a bother writing every day, but I make a point of doing it, for I know my letters are poor Frank's only joy. And now I must run away and change, for I asked Baron von Knoblauch to drop in to lunch. You don't mind, dear, do you?"

FRENCH "THIRD DEGREE."

They have strange and ghastly ways of extracting confessions from suspected criminals in France—ways that make the "third degree" of New York police seem kindly by comparison.

Recently a monk, Brother Flamidieu, was accused of the murder of a little boy who had been his pupil. The evidence against the accused was of the flimsiest character, but it was so misrepresented by the officials that the people were made to believe the monk a monster incarnate. The result was that a mob gathered outside the walls of the insecure prison in which he was confined and howled for his blood. The officials began their system of extorting a confession by throwing open the window of the monk's cell, so that he should be obliged to hear the threats and denunciations of the mob.

While the tumult was loudest gendarmes entered his cell and fastened a bandage over his eyes. He was then hustled into a cab and driven slowly through the crowd, which surged about the vehicle and struck at the prisoner through the open windows. The monk did not know that he was being taken to a hospital where fresh mental torture awaited him.

With his eyes still bandaged, the prisoner was led from the cab through passages and into a room. Here the bandage was removed from his eyes. He found himself in total darkness.

Suddenly there was a blaze of light, and the unhappy monk found himself standing beside a tier, upon which lay the body of the murdered boy, with every ghastly wound gaping. Before he could gather his wits a horrible thing occurred. The body slowly turned its head, and the eyes opened to stare fixedly at the man accused of crime. The monk did not know that skilled men had worked for hours to devise an apparatus which, by working upon the muscles of the body, should produce the effect he had seen.

While he looked the monk found his head seized from behind, with a terrible voice vociferated, "Confess your crime, you murderer!" It was the judge d'Instruction—the magistrate— who thus sought to wring a confession from the horror-stricken man.

There did not come a confession, for Brother Flamidieu, who had sunk upon his knees in an agony of sorrow at the pitiful sight of his murdered pupil, turned around and kissed the bare feet of the little lad and then prayed aloud.

Finding that no confession could be extorted from him, Brother Flamidieu was then hurried back to his prison, pursued by the execrations of the students and the mob.

Queer Brazilian Birds.

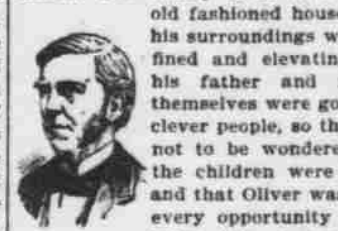
In southern Brazil is a little bird that comes as near to holding a regular "howdown"—a minstrel song and dance—as it is possible for birds to do. It is called the "dancing bird" by the natives. It is a tiny blue bird with a red breast. Mornings and evenings the little fellows gather in a group or so on a smooth, sandy or gravelly spot, or at least a spot that is free from grass or any obstruction. Then one of the males flies to a tree somewhere overhead and begins singing in the jolliest jig-jog voice imaginable, and immediately the birds begin to step in perfect time with the song and twitter an accompaniment, and more than that, move their wings in time with the music as they step about.

Akin to this dance is one where there

THE YOUTH OF FAMOUS FOLK.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Oliver Wendell Holmes, the author and humorist, was born at Cambridge, Mass., Aug. 29, 1809. He was the son of Rev. Abiel Holmes, the writer of many books on historical subjects. His mother was the daughter of Oliver Wendell. Oliver was the third of five children, and was a lively, fun-loving fellow. The family lived in a great, old-fashioned house. All his surroundings were refined and elevating, and his father and mother themselves were good and clever people, so that it is not to be wondered that the children were bright and that Oliver was given every opportunity to develop into a good and



brilliant man. To prepare for college he was sent to Phillips Andover academy, where he showed a talent for writing poetry unusual in a schoolboy by translating the first book of Virgil's "Aeneid" into verse. He graduated from Harvard in 1829, composing and reading the commencement poem for his class. A year later he wrote his famous poem on the Constitution, the government at that time proposing to break up the famous warship of the Revolution. So great a sensation did the poem make that it was decided to preserve the vessel. The young man studied law for a year and then took up the profession of medicine, for which he had always an aptitude. "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," "Over the Teacups," "The Poet at the Breakfast Table," "Elsie Venner" and "A Mortal Antipathy" are among his famous works. He died at Cambridge, Oct. 7, 1894.

Origin of Sherlock Holmes.

Dr. Conan Doyle got his first idea of his famous detective, Sherlock Holmes, from an old professor of medicine at the Edinburgh university. This man would sit in the patients' waiting room with a face like a red Indian and diagnose the people as they came in, even before they had opened their mouths. He would tell them their symptoms, and he would give them details of their lives. "Gentlemen," he would say to the students standing about, "I'm not quite certain whether this man is a cork cutter or a slater. I observe a slight callous or hardening on one side of his forefinger and a little thickening on the outside of his thumb. That is a sure sign that he is either one or the other."

His deductions were dramatic. "Ah," he would say to another man, "you are a soldier, a noncommissioned officer, and you have served in Bermuda. Now, gentlemen, how did I know that? He came into the room without taking off his hat, as he would go into an ordinary room. He was a soldier. A slightly authoritative air, combined with his age, shows that he was a noncommissioned officer. A rash on his forehead tells me that he was in Bermuda and subject to a certain rash known only there."

The Professor's Mistake.
Professor D. G. Brinton, the famous authority upon archeology and linguistics, has given his valuable library upon these subjects to the University of Pennsylvania, together with many writings embodying his personal researches. It is doubtful, however, whether his papers include the following incident, the truth of which is vouched for.

While in Mexico on one occasion the professor was the guest of the National Historical society of that republic. One day, while discussing with a member on the street the blends of Aztec and Maya blood which enter into the average person, the professor called attention to cranial peculiarities transmitted from these ancient races.

"There," he said, pointing to a laborer who was working on the street, "is a type in which apparently the maternal influences were Toltec and the paternal Maya or Carib."

"Notice the man's forehead," continued the professor; "it has all the characteristics of—"

"That's that!" interrupted the supposed person, dropping his pick. "That's you're saying, ye long-legged prevaricator! I'll have ye know me father was an O'Shanessy and me mother a Finnegan!"